

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

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THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,
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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lynnan Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fisk, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men. Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouse—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Yale Literary Magazine.

The Mother's Grave.

Reader! were you ever in a grave yard? I do not mean the proud monumental cemetery of some neighboring city, where the bones of the dead may scarce rest in peace, while the tread of the living, thoughtless, sight-seer is ever echoing overhead; but were you ever in a quiet country churchyard? beside its little ivy-covered church, containing the plain and unpretending, but no less impressive tombstones of a former generation. If you have, you must have enjoyed a few tranquil moments, such as seldom visit the breast that is racked with the restless realities of the world. Are not such places and such scenes providentially adapted to call forth all the purer emotions of the soul, and hold them in sweet communion aloof from the baser ones that elsewhere absorb them? Here stands the church, plain and unadorned, save by such beauties as nature may have bestowed, where the simple villagers once worshipped with all the fervent gratitude of untutored nature, and here around lies all that earth can claim—their bones on earth—their souls with their Giver. Could you have entered such a place without thinking of your own insignificance, and the utter worthlessness of worldly goods as blessings? Did there not come to you through the silence around, a "still, small voice," more impressive and more convincing than the proudest burst of human eloquence, the voice of nature thrilling on the mind, "and thou too must soon be cold?" Ah, yes! if you are human, and possess the faculties of a rational being, such must have been your meditations and such your conviction. Then how many tales of woe or happiness may not those grave-mounds commemorate—of hopes once bright, but soon blighted—of friendships that were changed into loathings—of piety turned from her paths—of wealth cloaking foul deeds of iniquity—of poverty clad in the garb of misery—all crowding there so closely together that their very identity becomes lost in their proximity. Such thoughts as these must have crowded upon your mind, especially if you have ever stood alone within the precincts of a quiet country church-yard.

I chanced once to be on a visit at a neat country town, whose inhabitants principally consisted of those substantial old farmers and mechanics who compose, if not the wealthiest, still the most useful and valuable portion of our population. Few events ever occurred to disturb the quiet of these worthy villagers, save when they met to select those who should see to the well-doing of the little community, or when some day of national jubilee called them forth to enjoy the green-sward dance. Here you might find true happiness, and its elements, industry, integrity, and consequent comfort. Why need philosophers invent their theories to find a receipt for happiness in vague terms of the imagination, or attempt by their metaphysics to mystify a principle at once so plain and simple? But so it is in the world; we willfully blind our eyes and senses to those things that are revealed, and yet with impious hands try to tear off the veil from those secrets which Nature has chosen should remain undivulged. Do you ask what is happiness? Go forth in the world and see for yourself, a Nature trained up in paths of virtue and simplicity—where you find that you have found happiness.

It was a Sabbath afternoon, when having listened to the inspired word of their venerable pastor, the little congregation had left the village church and retired to the comforts of their respective homes. I was left alone upon the low stone steps that rose to the door; and mechanically leaving them, I turned towards the grave-yard that lay in the rear. It was surrounded by a neat white fence, the little gate of which was unlocked and unfastened, save by a bolt. A summer's sun was setting behind the distant hills, and flooding all things with the redness of its flashing rays. The scene was indeed magnificent. Though I had seen many a grander and wilder prospect, I had

never beheld one at the same time so simple and lovely. I opened the little gate and passed within. Around me lay the remains of those whose earthly strife had ceased for ever. Here lay a grave with its time-eaten tombstone nearly covered over with the long rank weeds that surrounded it, and close by its side another, bearing traces of recent construction. Judging by the manner in which the green sod above was trimmed, and bright flowers planted around, I conjectured that it must engage the attention of some sorrowing friend of its cold occupant. Ah! thought I aloud, the old man dieth and soon his name passeth away in his grave; the young man dieth and they plant flowers over his head—but the flowers, too, have their day to blossom and to die! So it is with all earthly things; but all things are not of the earth! Who knows what these graves might not say, could they send forth a voice?

"Ah! who knows indeed?" said a deep-toned voice behind.

I started and turned, for I thought not to meet the living at the home of the dead! There stood a gray-headed man, holding in his hand a bunch of keys; he was dressed in a neat Sabbath suit, and his eye still sparkled with the brightness of former years. I immediately divined that he was the sexton of the little church hard by.

"Young man," said he, "if you had my years and my experience, you might well say 'who knows?' These graves are mostly my work; for fifty years have I hollowed out their narrow beds for the departed of yonder village, and helped to carry them to their long sleep. Many a tear have I shed for parents, children, and friends—many a one to witness the grief of the living left behind—soon I too must take my place by their side. Ah! how soon like them to be forgotten!"

"Doubtless, good sir, yours can have been no very pleasant duty; it is always a sad thing to witness the grief of others bereaved."

"You are right again, young man," said he. "Mine has been a sorrowful task; for many a scene have I witnessed that would draw tears from a heart of stone—grief such as is not to be found in the hearts of your city worldlings. See you those two graves in the corner yonder? There lies a broken-hearted mother, and by her side the cause, her only son! Poor George! many a time have I held him in my arms when a bright-eyed boy, and never thought that one so fair and so noble would one day need my aid to bear him to his grave. Woe to those who led him astray—the day of reckoning must come at length, and a mother's death will be a heavy burden for them to bear!"

"Will you not relate the tale to me for I see by your countenance that it is an interesting one," said I.

"Interesting indeed, and a sad one too, for it is a tale of happiness and prosperity turned into one of misery and death! If you will listen, I will tell you in a few words the leading facts of the story, and you will then understand why this spot is called by our simple-hearted villagers, 'the mother's grave.'"

We seated ourselves on a broad stone slab, and the old man began:—

"Do you see that house hard by just rising above those noble poplars that surround it? It is somewhat dilapidated now, for six long years have passed away since they (pointing to the graves) were borne together from its doors. That was once the dwelling of a devoted son;—now it is an object of superstition, and few would venture to cross its threshold after set of sun. I knew them both well once, and no one could have thought so much misery was in store for that mother's heart, or that the seeds of vice would spring up in that of her son.—She was the widow of a man who had in the latter part of his life become a dissipated and abandoned character, and had died with a curse upon his lips, in a fit of insane drunkenness. This had well nigh broken the heart of the poor wife, but she lived on for her son, then a boy of bright talents and prospects indeed. For many years after the death of her husband she had devoted herself with untiring energy to the education of her boy, for although they had lost the greater part of their former wealth, they still possessed enough to render them comfortable. George was a noble boy, and from his earliest years had given signs of the most distinguished talents. None could compete with him either in the school room or in their boyish sports; and although in his nature there was a mixture of fiery energy and self-will, still no one was a greater favorite among all classes of our little community. A handsome boy there never was—with dark chestnut hair, a large flashing eye, and a form of the purest symmetry. Although at other times kind and gentle to all, when once aroused none dared to dispute his will—all cowered beneath the flash of his dark bright eye. No one had any influence over him at such times except his mother, and the simple exclamation from her, 'George, I am ashamed of you,' brought him to himself in a moment.

"Mother, forgive me, but I could not help it."

"But, my son, such conduct, unless you learn to restrain yourself, may one day cause you much repentance."

Indeed, this trait in his character often gave his mother the liveliest concern, and many were the prayers she uttered by night and day that it might be changed. As he grew older, his filial affection seemed to grow stronger, and it was an affecting sight to see them enter this little church together—the aged mother leaning on the arm of her strong and manly son. Many a bright eye sent forth its softest look for him, as he took his seat by her side in their little pew. But to mark the fond, yet anxious look of the mother, as it rested upon his unobscured face, you might see how strong can be a mother's love, how watchful a mother's care.

About this time there came to spend a week or so with them a cousin, whom George had not seen since they were playmates together, for he had been living for several years in a neighboring city.—Frank was a forbidding, young man, as far as appearance went, and it was whispered about that this character for sobriety and morality was none of the best. Be that as it might, he and George soon became most intimate companions, as was natural enough, for he possessed an insinuating address and engaging manners, while the latter was of a nature all confiding and fond of excitement. Soon George's mother began to perceive symptoms which to her were of the most alarming character. He no longer came to her to read some favorite passage; his hours at night were unseasonable, and whenever he and Frank came in at a late hour, they would excuse themselves by saying that they had been taking a long walk together. Alas! she knew not that in the short time they had been thus acquainted, a great change had been wrought in the character of her son; she knew not that those walks never extended beyond the tavern, where, after a social glass together, they would sit and converse with the idlers whom they met there. To a nature such as George possessed, this was a most dangerous experiment. The first glass delights, the second excites, and then comes a hardening of the heart, the wild delirium of unnatural feelings and utter recklessness; then a love for low conversation; then an absolute necessity for some kind of excitement; and finally the confirmed habits of the sot. On this precipice stood George; an ungovernable nature, aided by the tempter's hand, was growing stronger and stronger upon him; yet at times the pale face of his mother at her lonely home would rise up in his mind, and mechanically his hand would drop the cup as it was raised to his lips.

"Drink, man," Frank would exclaim, "surely you are not afraid of another glass, are you?"

"No, Frank, but I was thinking of my mother!"

"Poh! how will she know any thing about it? besides you are a man now, and not a child to mind the silly talk of a woman."

To be continued.

WELL ANSWERED.—That was a noble answer which was given by a clergyman to one of his acquaintance, when urged to drink wine at a wedding.

"What Mr. M. said one of the guests, 'don't you drink wine at a wedding?'"

"No sir," was the reply, "I will take a glass of water."

But sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his infirmity?"

"I have no infirmity," was the reverend gentleman's reply.

An account of the state of the wine crops of France, this year, in the *Indicateur de Begiers*, states that after going through all the wine countries of France, it is ascertained that, for the most part, the crops are miserable, averaging far less in quantity than last year. The quality, which is generally bad, will cause an enormous rise of the Southern wines and brandy.

A droll fellow being in a tavern, was asked by an old woman to read the newspaper, and taking it up, he began as follows:—

"Last night yesterday morning, about three o'clock in the afternoon, just before breakfast, a hungry boy bought a penny custard, and threw it through a stone brick wall made of iron, and jumping over it, fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years afterward, the same day, a high wind blew down the Dutch church, and killed an old sow and two dead pigs at Boston, and a monstrous boar cat killed a large turkey, and a dead horse kicked a blind man's eye out."

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACES CURED.—Persons wishing a very smooth skin should test my genuine Bay Rum and Spermatic Soap. I will guaranty that one bottle of the Bay Rum and one cake of the Soap will give to the face and hands a beautiful polish. For sale at S. PARKER'S Fancy and Perfumery Store, Pennsylvania avenue, between 9th and 10th sts.

Where can be had a fresh supply of Rose Lip Salve and Paley's Cold Cream. dec 30—11

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

THE WAR OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS; Being a Connected History of the Various Efforts Made to Suppress the Vice of Intemperance in all Ages of the World; from the Foundation of the Class of Nazarenes, by Moses, to the Institution of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, inclusive; with a Full Account of the Origin, Progress, and Present Prospects of the Latter Institution. By P. S. White & H. R. Pleasants. Philadelphia: Griffin and Simon, 114 North Third-street. 1846.

Contents.—Book I, Chapter I, Division of the Work; Chapter II, Wines of Antiquity; Chapter III, Wine an Agricultural Product; Chapter IV, Wine, when spoken of as a Blessing in the Old Testament; Chapter V, Wine, when spoken of as a Blessing in the New Testament; Chapter VI, Wine Denounced as a Curse in the Old Testament; Chapter VII, Wine Denounced in the New Testament; Book II, Chapter I, Temperance among the Heathens; Chapter II, Rome; Book III, Chapter I, Imperial Rome; Chapter II, Transalpine Nations; Chapter III, The Discovery of Alcohol; Chapter IV, Ardent Spirits; Chapter V, Intemperance in Connection with the Church; Chapter VI, Efforts to Suppress Intemperance from the Apostles to the year 1800; Book IV, Chapter I, Origin and Progress of Temperance Societies down to the year 1833; Chapter II, From 1833 to the end of 1834; Chapter III, Includes the Years 1835 and 1836; Chapter IV, Includes 1837 and 1838; Chapter V, Includes 1839; Chapter VI, The Washingtonian Movement; Chapter VII, Sons of Temperance, Conclusion; Appendix, No. 1, Extracts from Columella; Appendix, No. 2, Noah's Letter, &c.

We cordially recommend the above work to the temperance public.

The agent, Mr. West, is now in the city with a copy of the work, for the purpose of procuring subscribers. Subscriptions received at this office.

SENATE.

THURSDAY JANUARY 8, 1846.

Petitions and memorials were presented by Messrs. J. M. Clayton, Dix, Haywood, and Corwin.

The vacancy on the Committee on Claims, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Bagby, was filled by the appointment of Mr. Dickinson.

The joint resolution from the House relative to a site for the monument to Washington, was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

While the motion for reference was pending, Mr. Benton expressed himself as being strongly opposed to mixing up, in any way, the name of the United States Congress, with the enterprise of private individuals, thereby giving a show of authority, by which they would be enabled to levy successful contributions upon the public.

Mr. Benton's bill organizing a regiment of mounted riflemen was read a third time and passed.

Mr. Allen reported his resolutions relative to giving the twelve months' notice to Great Britain; they were laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The Senate then went into Executive session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

As soon as the journal was read, the several standing committees were called upon for reports. A great number of bills of a private and local character were reported, and referred to a Committee of the Whole. Among them was a report from the Committee on Elections in favor of Mr. Brockenbrough of Florida.

At the expiration of the hour, the House again went into a Committee of the Whole; and resumed the consideration of the joint resolution giving the "notice" to Great Britain in relation to Oregon.

Mr. Yancey having the floor, gave his views against any precipitate action. He showed, that at present we are not prepared for war, and this being the case, it was not a want of courage to say that discretion is the better part of valor. He undertook to show, that giving the notice would be a war measure.

The Military Committee to whom was referred the Senate bill to repeal the act to abolish the office of one of the Inspectors General of the Army, as reported without amendment and passed.

The following bills were reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, read twice, and referred to a Committee of the Whole.

The Army Appropriation bill.
The Navy Appropriation bill.
The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill.
The Indian Appropriation bill.

A bill providing for the payment of certain portions of the public debt.

Numerous private bills were also reported, after which the House went into a Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the joint resolution giving the Oregon notice.

Mr. Cobb took the floor.

Mr. R. Smith, of Illinois, presented a remonstrance received from Sparta, Randolph county, Ill. signed by 98 persons against the admission of Texas as a State of this Union, because its Constitution tends to support and perpetuate Slavery; and moved its reference to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

Also a petition from 108 citizens of Randolph county, Ill. praying Congress to repeal all laws in the District of Columbia permitting the existence of Slavery, and the buying and selling of slaves, or otherwise remove the Seat of Government to some place where Slavery does not exist.